

WINTER
ISSUE
No.13

10¢

BLACKHAWK®



BLACKHAWK
STALKS
DANGER!

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP

S.O.S. POLICE-BOAT LONG OVERDUE! PEPSI AND PETE MISSING S.O.S.



BLACKHAWK

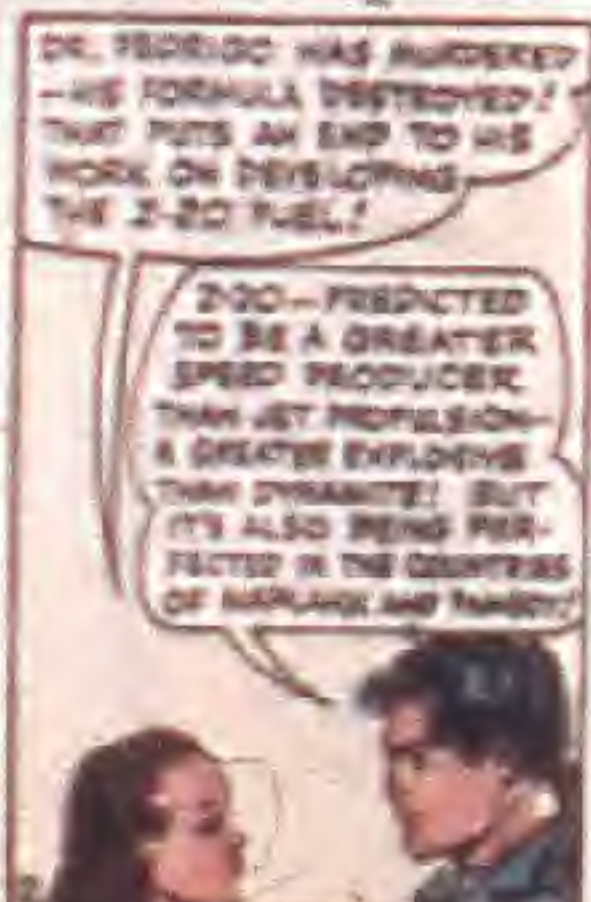
BLACKHAWK



AROUND the world they go, the
courageous, battling **BLACKHAWKS** —
administering to the oppressed, desecrating
evil, bringing justice to the unjust —
and no place is too remote!

To the Island of Cliffs fly the
planes of the Blackhawks, where
MURDER is the **IDEAL** and the
ruler is a weird and wily madman
who calls himself **KING MURDER!**

The government experimental laboratory in the capital of Costa Marca....



But, as the Blackhawks return to their lodgings...

SPECIAL CODE
CABLEGRAM FROM
RANDY.
BLACKHAWK!

SEVEN NEWS, CHUCK! AN
ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO ROB
THE GOVERNMENT LABORATORY
THERE! THE Z-DO EXPERIMENTAL
VAT BLEW UP -- KILLED TWO
SCIENTISTS AND THE THIEF!

IT SAYS THAT THE
THIEF WAS MASKED AND
CLOAKED-- HIS GARMENTS
MARKED WITH M.M.!

LIKE THE ONE WE
CAUGHT HERE! SOME-
BODY'S TRYING TO GET
THE Z-DO FORMULA--
MONOPOLIZE IT!

BET HUS! NOT BE!
ALL THREE GOVERN-
MENTS WERE WORKING
ON THE DISCOVERY FOR
THE GOOD OF
HUMANITY! A
CRIMINAL WILL
USE IT FOR
THE EVIL!

QUICK, GET THE PLANES
WARNED UP! WE'RE
GOING TO MARLANX!

Over land and sea speed the planes
of the Blackhawks!

THAT'S THE CAPITAL OF
MARLANX BELOW! DROP
DOWN TO THE LANDING
FIELD! DROP, DROP AND
I AM TRYING A TRICK
LANDING ON THE ROOF
OF THE GOVERNMENT
LABORATORY!

ROGER,
BLACK-
HAWK!

OH, IT'S
BLACKHAWK!
I JUDGE YOU'RE
AN EXCEPTION
TO ANY
ORDER!

I'M HERE ONLY
ON THE MOST
IMPORTANT BUSINESS!
PLEASE CONDUCT ME
TO THE Z-DO
EXPERIMENTAL
SECTION!

VERY FEW
PLANES CAN
LAND ON SUCH
A SMALL SPACE,
DROP-DROP!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF
THIS? THIS LABORATORY IS
UNDER MILITARY GUARD!
NO ONE IS ALLOWED--







AND HE
WOULDN'T
TAKE MY
WARNING!

OH!!



THE Z-20
FORMULA —
GIVE IT
TO ME!

NEVER!



I'VE ALREADY RUN DOWN
ONE OF YOUR PACK — I'LL
RUN YOU DOWN, TOO!



JUMP IN!
WE'LL LEAVE
THIS FOOL ON
THE GROUND!

I HAVE
A PLANE,
TOO!



WE KEEP PLANE
WAKE UP,
BLACKHAWK!

EXCELLENT, CHOP CHOP!
HURRY TO THE LANDING FIELD —
TELL THE OTHERS TO PICK
UP MY RADIO SIGNAL
AND FOLLOW!



HE'S OVERTAKING
US! IF WE ONLY WERE
USING Z-20
FUEL —

WE AREN'T!
BUT WE CAN USE
THAT MACHINE GUN!
GET IT
WORKING!



THERE, THE RADIO
SIGNALS ON —
OH-OH!
BULLETS!



Grimly, Blackhawk keeps his damaged, silenced craft on the trail....

THE LOST SPEED -- CAN'T OVERTAKE THEM -- BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE THEM, EITHER!



As Blackhawk follows his prey,
a shell rises and explodes.



I HAVE ONE
CHANCE TO KEEP
FROM BEING
SMASHED TO
DEATH!



WE'VE GRABBED HOLD!
KNOCK HIM LOOSE!



HE'S TOO
MUCH FOR
ME!

I'LL LAND AND THE
OTHERS WILL HELP!



HELP! HE'S
STRANGLING
ME!

A
STRANGER!



THAT WILL QUIET
HIM DOWN!



Later - when Blackhawk
recovers -

AH, YOU ARE
AWAKE - I AM
GLAD! DRINK
THIS!









GOOD! GOOD!
AND NOW IT'S
MY TURN!



KING MURDER!
LOOK -
STRANGE
PLANES!



DOWN AND
ATTACK!



TOO LATE!
THEY'RE
LANDING!

HAWKAAAA!



ZIS EES ZE TRICK OF
JUDO - YOU DROP
ZE KNIFE, NO!



YOU NO CALL
ME WEASEL!
CHOP CHOP
GET LEVENGE
- KICKY YOU
IN SHINNY!



YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF THIS
TROUBLE! I'M GOING
TO KILL YOU!





BLACKHAWK

Blackhawk

WE'VE MET
BEFORE! MY
NAME IS
FEAR!

One man is not
afraid of **FEAR!** He
is **BLACKHAWK!**

The Blackhawks come in for a landing at the airport of Kintouk

HERE THEY COME — EXACTLY ON SCHEDULE!



I'M BLACKHAWK! I RECEIVED YOUR MESSAGE!

AK, YES, BLACKHAWK! YOU RECEIVED WORD THAT WE WISHED TO HONOR YOU IN KINROUK! PERMIT ME... I AM PERFECT OF POLICE, COME TO MEET YOU!



YUPTEK, ANDRE! IN-BAN THINK WE COME FOR RUMOR OF DANGER HERE! NOW THEY ACT LIKE WE COME FOR PARTY!

BUT ALORE, OLAF! FOLLOW IS LEAD OF BLACKHAWK! WE WHEEL FIND OUT IS TRUTH SEN TIME!



PERMIT ME, YOUR HIGHNESS—THIS IS THE FAMOUS BLACKHAWK! I BROUGHT HIM AS YOU COMMANDED!

I AM PRINCE GHOR! WHEN I HEARD YOU WERE ON TOUR, SIR, I DETERMINED TO ENTERTAIN YOU AS SO GREAT A MAN DESERVES!



ALL THIS IS NICE, CHUCK—but THE MESSAGE WE GOT TALKED ABOUT TROUBLE IN KINROUK, NOT RECEPTIONS! KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN AND SEE IF YOU CAN PICK UP SOME HINT—

PEST, BLACKHAWK! IN HERE!



YOU ARE — FEAR! WE MET DURING THE NITHAM AFFAIR IN JORDANIA!

PLEASE, SPEAK QUIETLY! IT WAS I WHO SENT YOU A MESSAGE ABOUT TROUBLE HERE!





Night — and Kimrouk, so fair a city by day, takes on another aspect....

WAIT, FRIEND! TELL ME SOMETHING!

WHO CALLS?

IF YOU'RE A ROBBER, I HAVE NO MONEY! IF YOU'RE A MURDERER, I AM HARD TO KILL!

ALL I WANT IS GUIDANCE! WHERE IS THE INN OF THE BLACK DOVE?

PLAINLY YOU ARE A STRANGER! WHERE NOBODY DARES GO BY NIGHT DOWN THE STREET AT THE END OF WHICH STANDS THAT ILL-STARRED PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT!

DOWN THIS STREET YOU SAY? THANKS!



STAND AND DELIVER — YAH!

HOW'S THIS FOR DELIVERY?



WHEE! SOMEONE COMING — A STRANGER!

WELL DRESSED — WORTH PLUNDERING! CLOSE IN!



DOWN IN THE GUTTER WHERE YOU BELONG — ALL OF YOU!

AH! NO PROFIT HERE!



HELP WITHIN! HELP!



HELP FRIENDS!
THIS STRANGER
ATTACKED
AND—

—AND FOLLOWED
YOU HERE? HOW
CONVENIENT
FOR US!



AT SUCH
RANGE I
NEVER
MISS—
OWWW!

IT MIGHT JUST AS
EASILY HAVE BEEN
YOUR STUPID
HEAD!



FEAR! HE DID
NOT KNOW HE
WAS YOUR
FRIEND!

I'M NOT SURE I AM YOUR
FRIEND, FEAR! YOU SEEM TO
HAVE SOME UNPLEASANT
PARTNERS!



I MUST USE
WHAT HELPERS
I CAN—FIGHTING
FOR JUSTICE!

I KNOW THAT'S YOUR
WISH, FEAR! BUT WHAT
DO THESE CUTTHROATS
KNOW OF JUSTICE?
THEY'RE PROBABLY WANTED
BY THE POLICE
HERE!



POLICE OF THIS PLACE?
BAH! FOOLS AND DUPES!
THEY BELIEVE LIES ABOUT US,
AND HAVE HUNTED US TO THIS
SLUM WHERE WE CAN LIVE
ONLY BY VIOLENCE! BELIEVE
ME—

I'LL BELIEVE
FEAR, IF SHE
OZES TO
EXPLAIN—



MY MEN SPEAK TRUTH! AND THEY
ATTACKED YOU ONLY BECAUSE
THEY THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE
ONE OF THEIR RICH ENEMIES!
NOW THAT THEY KNOW
YOU AREN'T—THEY
WANT YOUR HELP!

WHO'S THE
ENEMY HERE?
PRINCE GHOR—
HE SEEMED
RATHER
STUPID!

STUPID—YES! HE RULES KIMBOUK, AND HE IN TURN IS RULED BY HIS NEMELY-MON PRINCESS, STARRA! YOU SAW HER WITH HIM TODAY!

MANY MEN HAVE BEEN STUPID THAT WAY! WHO IS STARRA?



SHE WAS AN ADVENTRESS WHO HAD TO FLEE FROM EUROPE! SHE DATTLED PRINCE GHOR—HE LETS HER GIVE ORDERS TO THE POLICE, OPPRESS THE PEOPLE WITH TAXES, ROB AND SHINDLE AT WILL—

LOOK OUTSIDE!



THERE'S THE PLACE! I'LL WIP IT OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL—ALONG WITH THOSE WHO DEFY STARRA!



THEY'RE LIVING UP TO FIRE—NOT EVEN CALLING ON US TO SURRENDER!

THAT'S BECAUSE THEY WANT US DEAD! NOT ALIVE! TAKE COVER AND BE READY TO DEFEND YOURSELVES!



HERE'S A GRENADE AMONG THEM! WHEN IT EXPLODES, CHARGE IN AND DESTROY ALL WHO STILL LIVE!

IT IS AS GOOD AS DONE, SIR!



GRENADE! BUT ONE CHANCE TO SAVE YOU OTHERS—



HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR US! DO YOU DOUBT MY FOLLOWERS NOW, BLACKHAWK?

NOT NOW, FEAR! BUT HERE COMES THE ATTACK!







MY MAN
GOT HIM!

TREACHERY!



HELP! TURN OUT THE GUARD!
EVERYBODY! THE
BLACKAWKS —

I SEEM TO BE
FORCED TO DO THIS
SO FREQUENTLY!



THOSE STRANGERS
ARE MEDDLING! QUICK—
AFTER THEM!



OUT WITH YOUR
SWORDS! CUT
THEM TO
PIECES!

LOOK, SEE!
DROP-DROP
MAKES LIKE
BOMB!



TAKE THAT
TO STARRA!

THESE
MEN FALL
HEAVILY!



THEY'RE
TOO GOOD
FOR US! RETREAT—
SAVE
YOURSELVES!

SAVE YOURSELVES
FROM ME, CONARDS!
GET BACK INTO
THAT FIGHT!

SHOOT TO KILL? I'LL
EXPLAIN TO THAT IDIOT
GHOR!



But the Blackhawks seize
guns from the fallen....

IF IT'S PISTOL-PLAY
THEY WANT, WE CAN
DO THAT, TOO!



GET IN CLOSE
AND FINISH
THEM!



WE'VE WIPED OUT YOUR
BANGSTERS, STARRA! AND
WHEN WE TELL GHOR HOW
YOU PLOTTED TO VICTIMIZE
KIMZOUK—

THEN I'LL SAY YOU
LIE, AND WE'LL BELIEVE
ME! YOU WOULDN'T
HURT ME, BLACKHAWK—
YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A
GENTLEMAN!



OF COURSE, BLACKHAWK'S A
GENTLEMAN! SO, IT'S UP TO
ME!

NO!



HERE COME
MORE!

WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF
THIS INFERNOUS
OUTRAGE? WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?





MY DEAREST STARRA,
DEAD — MURDERED!
NOT EVEN YOU,
BLACKHAWK,
CAN ESCAPE
PUNISHMENT —

I SYMPATHIZE DEEPLY, YOUR
MAJESTY, BUT STARRA
WAS TRICKING YOU! THIS
PAPER WILL EXPLAIN!



IMPOSSIBLE! AND YET —
IT IS STARRA'S HAND-
WRITING! SHE WAS A
TRAITOR! WHO
REVEALED THIS
WICKED PLOT
AGAINST
KINROUK?

PERMIT ME TO
PRESENT FEAR! SHE,
MORE THAN ANY OTHER
SINGLE PERSON, IS
RESPONSIBLE!



YOU HAVE MY THANKS
AND MY ADMIRATION!
I AM ALREADY CURED
OF THE SPELL OF
STARRA'S EVIL
BEAUTY, FOR
YOUR BEAUTY
IS GREATER
THAN HER'S!

YOUR MAJESTY VALUES
MY SERVICES TOO
HIGHLY!



I HAVE A REPUTATION FOR SUDDEN LINES
AND DISLIKES — AND I LIKE YOU AT
ONCE — EXTREMELY! I AM A
PRINCE, AND PERHAPS YOU
WOULD LIKE TO BE
A PRINCESS!

I AM HONORED,
BUT I MUST
SAY NO!



FIRST, I AM HARDLY THE TYPE
TO BE A PRINCESS! THEN,
I AM BUSY THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD, DEALING
WITH EVIL! AND
JUSTLY — MY HEART
INTEREST LIES
ELSEWHERE!

AH, EN!



Again, it is time to depart...

BE NOT SO TRISTE,
BLACKHAWK! WE SHALL
MEET MAMSELLE
FEAR AGAIN,
VRAIMENT!

WIND YOUR OWN
BUSINESS, ANDRE!
— YET, SHE IS
INTRIGUING —
FEAR! EN,
ANDRE!

CHOP CHOP

YOUR MAJESTY
BETTER STOP TO PICK
UP CROWN OR WILL LOOK
VELLY INDIGNIFIED
WITHOUT SAME!

YOU WILL LOOK
LESS DIGNIFIED
WITHOUT YOUR
HEAD!



AS REPRESENTATIVES OF THE
STATE DEPARTMENT, THE ARMY AND
THE NAVY, WE WELCOME YOUR MAJESTY,
THE KING OF THE TIBETAN KINGDOM
OF HOHO, TO OUR COUNTRY!

AND CHOP CHOP ARRIVE IN BIG
CITY WHERE MUST WAIT FOR
FEW DAYS UNTIL TIME TO
CONTINUE TRAVEL TO
RENDZVOUS WITH
BLACKHAWKS!

WONDER WHERE WILL
STAY AND HOW AMUSE
SELF ON MEAGER CAPITAL
AT PRESENT IN POCKETS!

HUNT?













HOW TO REEAK VENGEANCE
ON THE IMPOSTOR WHO
BROUGHT THIS SUFFERING
UPON YOUR MAJESTY?

I WILL EXECUTE
HIM IN HIS
SLEEP!

NO! HE
MUST BE
AWAKE SO HE
WILL KNOW THAT
IT IS I WHO
AM PUNISHING
HIM!

AWAKE,
SCOUNDREL!

YOU
DO DUMBA
DUMBLY!



HE DARED PUN AT ME? I
HAVE NEVER DONE THE DUMBA
IN MY LIFE! KILL HIM WHILE
HE SLEEPS!



EVER
DO THIS
STEP!

I MISSED HIM
AGAIN! HE BEARS
A CHARMED
LIFE!

ATCHOO! THE
FEATHERS TICKLE
MY NOSE!
ATCHOO!

BEG THE DON! MY
NAME IS PRONOUNCED
DROP DROP-BOT
ATCHOO!





HEAVEN *in the* HILLS

"IT is true, great Blackhawk," said the old witch doctor as they stood at the edge of the jungle. He pointed out across the desert to the distant hills. "Yonder is heaven, as our earliest wise men have told us."

Blackhawk peered. The hills were a good day's march distant and hard to make out, even in their main outline. They might contain anything that anybody imagined. Blackhawk spoke again to the old witch doctor: "You have reason to believe it?"

"Every reason. For centuries good men have gone there, to know in the next life what reward they earned in this. You ask how it is done? Each month we gather those whose death is upon them. They are the old, the sick, the sorrowful. We furnish them with food, weapons, jewelry, wealth, for their happy life beyond. We take them an hour's journey into the desert, to the shade of those palms." He pointed to a distant thicket. "When we are gone, we can see afar the coming of the Blessed People who gather them up and carry them away to their reward."

Blackhawk turned and studied the faces of his comrades. Chop-Chop had no expression that could be read—he was Chinese, and not apt to betray his feelings. Andre was thoughtful, so was old Hendrickson. Olaf scowled and whispered to Stanislaus. Chuck smiled a trifle, whether from interest or mockery was hard to say.

"And when do the next month's heaven-bound people depart?" was Blackhawk's next question.

"Within three days."

"I cannot wait that long," said Blackhawk. "I have a wish to see the heaven sooner. I will go now."

"But alone," spoke up Andre. "By all means, Blackhawk? We will take up—"

"I'll go on foot, and alone," said Blackhawk. "Come, a last council before I depart for this heaven."

IN THE MORNING, Blackhawk set out on his lonely march. Like any wanderer in the desert,

he carried a staff and a water-bottle and a peck of food. But the staff was of solid ivory, carved curiously and set with jewels. The bottle was of solid gold, a triumph of goldsmithing. In his pack was not only food, but a treasure of money and gems. He wore around his neck a collar of pearls and diamonds, his waistbelt carried a money pouch, and every finger wore a glittering ring. "These things seem to be needed beyond," said Blackhawk. "Now I start. I should reach those hills, with luck and tireless walking, by evening."

He strode away.

The desert sun was hot and the heat waves bounced back from the sandy waste as from polished metal, but Blackhawk's splendid physical endurance, tried and tested in every climate and against every hazard, fought it off. He found a well worn trail, the trail by which men had gone every month for centuries to their hope of a joyous hereafter. He paused at the grove of palms—no sign of anyone there—and struck to the trail beyond. Only at noon did he pause, waiting out the hottest hour of the day in the shade of a sand dune. Then on, on, ever approaching the hills where the witch doctor had said heaven was located.

By mid afternoon he could see them plainly in the bright, dry air, and upon them here and there showed tiny black specks—men were there, watching his approach. He tramped on and closer, and the specks showed themselves tiny human silhouettes. One or two carried long poles, perhaps spears. Weapons in heaven! The old and sick and sorrowful took weapons along, Blackhawk remembered.

As the sun set, he came to the foot of the hills and the trail terminated as steps cut from the living rock. Blackhawk began to climb.

"Who are you?" a voice called down to him.

"One who seeks the hereafter," replied Blackhawk.

"Are you alone?"

"You have seen that for hours as you watched me."

"Thrice welcome, traveller!" And, as Blackhawk mounted higher, someone stood forth to

meat host a handsome smiling man in rich robes, carrying a baton or mace of gold studded with emeralds and rubies. "I am your host, waiting to bring you to your journey's end. But why did you not wait? Within three days a party would have started—"

"I felt that I could wait no longer to solve the mystery these hills hold."

"However you have come, we are glad to see you." The host put out a hand to take Blackhawk's and drew him to a level paved space on top of the hill. As the sun set, lights glowed there. Blackhawk saw strange and handsome buildings with lamps at the windows. Many tall men moved into view, and with them beautiful women, whose eyes frankly admired Blackhawk's stalwart figure and handsome face. The host was looking at the marks Blackhawk wore.

"You bring great riches among us," he said.

"Is it not the custom?" inquired Blackhawk.

"Yes, the custom of hundreds of years. Now, will you eat and drink? We are happy to include you among us."

A table was set at the open end. Blackhawk sat at the right hand of the host. Rare foods and delicious wines were served to him by the fairest of the women, and others played on instruments of music and sang. Blackhawk smiled at the other feasters and spoke again to the host. "Is this indeed the hereafter?"

"Only the outer door for you," smiled the host back, "and we are the faithful keepers of the door. Have you hesitated? Then come with me."

They walked together toward the back of the hill. Blackhawk swinging his staff of carved ivory, the host pushing his handsome cane. They came to the head of another flight of stairs. "Look down," said the host.

Blackhawk did so. "What do you see?" demanded his companion.

"Fire burning below," replied Blackhawk. "And a man with a big axe. Is that the hereafter?"

"For you it will be," said the host suddenly and caught him by the elbow. The man fell with deadly noise on top of Blackhawk's iron-capped head.

That blow should have crushed Blackhawk, so that he could be thrown head over heels down the steps where the execution would finish him. But the man bounced back with a ringing

thud from the steel helmet Blackhawk wore concealed under his cap, and Blackhawk struggled free. A moment later Blackhawk had twisted his staff, and it came apart, revealing the straight steel blade that had been hidden inside.

"I foresaw everything, robber of the dying," said Blackhawk, and stabbed the villain through the heart.

From beyond went up a yell from the others. "He knows! But he is only one—kill him!"

"He is not only one," came a voice from farther away. And into the fight charged the Blackhawks—Olaf, Andre, Hendrickson, Stanislaus, Chuck, Chop-Chop.

Obedying Blackhawk's secret command, they had taken off in their planes at sunset, had flown quickly and unseen to the hills, and, cutting off their motors, had landed silently in time to rush up and join in the struggle.

It was a short struggle. The Blackhawks are the greatest fighting group in the world. The robbers who had for so long kept up the myth of a happy hereafter in order to rob those coming thither were beaten and slain one by one, until the survivors screamed for mercy and were herded into the strongest house to await a march back to the outer world and justice.

LATER THE BLACKHAWKS made a feast for themselves, and turned to their reader for information. "We suspected this when the news came of our headquarters," said Chuck. "We thought it was probably a fake heaven. But how were you sure?"

"When I heard that those going to the hills brought with them wealth with them," said Blackhawk. "Wealth has wings—but not to fly to heaven. I put two and two together. If wealth went to the hills, somebody wanted there for it, and not somebody heavenly."

"It was one of the worst crimes and secrets ever practiced," said Stanislaus. "I cannot be sure of it."

"Then rejoice because it is out of existence," replied Blackhawk. "These robbers, and their fathers and grandfathers before them, have done wrongs which we cannot punish in a world of what they deserve. They made a lie and a mockery of the hereafter—the hereafter they preached. But there is a real hereafter somewhere, and there the proper punishment awaits all of them."



BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK



The Blackhawks have fought
in many crises, side by side
with various strange creatures.
But who could foresee the day
when they would be welcomed
as Allies of The
CROCODILE??

Like pleasant land of Otero — and over it hangs a **TERRIBLE THREAT**, as the Blackawks know!



WELL, MEN, OUR SECRET INVESTIGATION OF THE OTERO TROUBLE ISN'T SO SECRET AFTER ALL! HERE'S A LETTER FROM THERE ABOUT IT — AND US!

SACRÉ BLEU! A WARNING OR THREAT?



IT SEEMS TO BE A BID FOR OUR HELP. A MAN CALLED CROCODYLE SAYS HE HOPES WE'LL JOIN WITH HIM TO CLEAN OUT THE ROBBERS AND KILLERS THAT THREATEN THE PLACE!

WHAT NAME CROCODYLE? SOUND HUNGRY! SOUND SCARY! CHOP-CHOP NO LIKE!



HE NAMES A REMOTE FIELD WHERE WE CAN LAND, AND SAYS WE'LL BE THERE TO MEET US AND EXPLAIN WHAT CAN BE DONE TO SAVE OTERO!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? PLANES, EVERYBODY!



LOOK BELOW — OTERO, A LOVELY COUNTRY — CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD!

AND THE WORLD FORGETS HOW EASILY EVIL CAN ORGANIZE IN SUCH A PLACE! WATCH OUT FOR OUR LANDING FIELD!



WELCOME, BLACKAWKS!





























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400 First Street, Bridgeport, Conn.	2 BATTERIES (extra)	\$1.00
Customer's Name _____	2 BATTERIES (extra)	\$1.00
Address _____	2 BATTERIES (extra)	\$1.00
Phone and Postal Zone (if any) _____	2 BATTERIES (extra)	\$1.00
Name _____		
Street _____		
Town _____ State _____		
Send me this game on approval \$2.50 or less with money back guarantee.		